

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

NUMBER 25.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Copies of the New York Herald containing Rochester's letter, written on his arrival in New York, have been seized on account of the attack on MacMahon, and he feared not to lose any more of his papers.

The receipts of the Paris theatres for the year 1873-74, just closed, are stated to be in excess of any year since 1857, when the exhibition was open.

The Spanish Government is negotiating with the Credit Mobilier for a loan of 50,000,000 of

English Politeness.

(From the Belfast Weekly Examiner.)

HAVING watched with considerable closeness the manner in which Irish business has been disposed of in the British House of Commons during the present session, we are compelled to declare that never was the ear of the House so deaf to the voice of the Irish representatives. To shelve Irish difficulties is the guiding policy of the Ministry, and most effectively are they aided in this scheme by English and Scotch members on both sides of the House. As a political renegade, the famous O'Donoghue once truthfully declared, St. Stephen's is no place for an Irish gentleman. He will not be listened to, or if he compels by his persistence a hearing, his genuine oratory and trenchant arguments provoke but a laugh. On all sides are heard when a mere Irishman is on his legs what Mitchell Henry very justly described as animal inarticulate sounds. Last week the hon. member for Derry, Professor Smyth, delivered a speech of some power—though quite unequal to the large reputation which he holds—and the most able and spirited portions of his address were received with jeers and laughter. The back, Ministerial, and Opposition benches were swarming with drowsy, half-indebriated, and brainless legislators, whose only occupation seemed to be a well-devised plan of shouting down every exponent of Irish opinion. And as the question under discussion was quite beyond the domain of party politics, their conduct must have opened the eyes of Mr. Smyth to the well-bred amenities of the House, and the deference paid therein to mere Irish opinions. Although we differ from the hon. member for Derry as to the practical advantage of Sunday closing, still his reasoning deserves to be met with laughter, but by argument. The frequent stormy interruptions which he received would have unnerved many a practised debater; but he held his ground with wonderful tenacity, and demanded, with pardonable warmth on more than one occasion, that his scoffers might restrain their mirth until he had finished. The lesson which he received on his debut, in the House, will, we trust, have a chastening effect on the political opinions of the hon. gentleman. That a majority of the Irish members were favourable to the proposal of Mr. Smyth there can be no question. As in the proposal for the purchase by the State of Irish railways, so also for the Sunday closing system the Irish representatives sunk party differences and understood the Whigs and Tories, Imperialists and Home Rulers were for once in accord. This fact was well known by Mr. Smyth. He urged it upon the House, reminding hon. gentlemen and her Majesty's Ministers that the majority of the Irish people were at his side, and that their demand, which, as he asserted, was in the interest of peace, order, and tranquillity, was sustained by the vast majority of the Irish people speaking through their representatives, could not have their dearest wishes fulfilled, because of the obstructive policy of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Now, if we mistake not, Mr. Smyth very properly avoided, both in his address and in his election speeches, all reference to this question, and to that other important question—education. He canvassed Derry, and was returned on the tenant-right question merely. Had he recklessly daunted antagonism to either of these questions he would never have been returned. We hesitate not to affirm that a majority, and no inconsiderable majority, of the electors to whose sturdy independence Mr. Smyth and Mr. Lawless their return are genuine and determined advocates of Home Rule and Denominationalism. We challenge the hon. member for Derry to deny this plain truth. As a pronounced opponent of either measure his defeat, to a tenant-right ticket he was returned to Parliament, and hence his unsolicited condemnation of Home Rule is not only injudicious but impertinent. We do not question the sincerity of his convictions, but he should not insult the feelings of the majority of his constituents by an ill-judged complaint paid to the opinions of the minority. He is the only Ulster member, however, whose seat being now secure gives expression to opinions that would have damned them if they were uttered by English and Scotch members during the recent electoral contest. These gentlemen seem to forget that without the hearty support of the Catholics of Ulster, which was unreservedly given, they could never have entered the House of Commons; but we beg to remind them that if their Parliamentary ambition be not nipped in the bud, they will again be constrained to solicit their suffrages, and hence should studiously avoid a needless expression of opinions sure to be hurtful. The illegal stand of Mr. Smyth was broadly apparent in the great argument brought forward by him for the closing of public houses on Sundays. The vast majority of the Irish members were in favour of it, and the English and Scotch members should not interfere to thwart Irish opinion. This principle is undoubtedly a very good one; but unfortunately for Mr. Smyth, it places him and his policy in a very curious light. If, as he declared, it is fraught with mischief to have legislation forced down the throats of the Irish people by a majority of Scotch and English representatives, the assertion of principle should not be contradicted. A majority of the Irish people and a majority of Irish representatives demand self-government for our country—how, then, can Mr. Smyth consistently reject their demand? He asks that a Sunday Closing Bill should be passed because a majority of Irish members are in favour of it—how can he resist the passage of another measure that is sustained by a similar condition? The hon. member for Derry threatened the House that in the event of his motion not being accepted, the Irish people would look elsewhere to have their just demands conceded. The member for Derry but little understood the opinion of Ireland is systematically disregarded and contemned in the British House of Commons. He may, as he threatened, become an advocate for self-government; but even his tardy conversion will not materially affect the English mind. The House is not to be frightened into a disagreeable duty even by so eminent a gentleman as Professor Smyth. They attempted to laugh him down more than once during the delivery of his speech. He himself would readily admit that an assembly of his fellow-countrymen, no matter how much they might in opinion differ from him, would never admit the mean and humiliating tactics employed against Irishmen in the English House of Commons, and the result of the division that followed should convince him that even an unanimous Irish opinion had no weight in the House. It is a disagreeable fact for some people to admit, but nevertheless it is true. The sneers

of English and Scotch members are reserved not for merely Irish Home Rule members, they are as liberally bestowed upon staunch Irish patriots from Ulster. More Irishmen are not to be listened to. They are looked upon as an intolerable nuisance in the House, and the sooner the Irish nation resents the degradation of the better. If there were even no other argument for Home Rule than the treatment meted out to Irish representatives, and the treatment given to Irish opinion as expressed by them, it would be a most telling and convincing one. Our people are regarded as aliens, our country as a province held in a degraded servitude. If only Irishmen of every class could properly understand this, if they could but see how their divisions are the means of preserving this hateful state of things, every little difference would at once be healed, and an united phalanx sent over the Channel to demand back a Constitution for our country. The contempt heaped upon everything Irish touches, or should touch, every honest lover of his country. It affects the Orangemen as much as it does the Fenians; it strikes at the manhood of the landlord as much as it does—and more even than it does—at the tenant-farmer. If a demand is made for encouragement of our factories, the member who prefers it is shouted down, and the Irish people taunted with poverty, and stigmatised as beggars at the Throne of England. Our country has been robbed of its people, robbed of its manufactures, robbed of its independence; and now when England is fattening on the spoil we are asked to forego any demand, not only legitimate but imperative, that we should help to aid us to retrieve the effect of past oppression. The hon. member for Derry, with his wonderful attachment to the glories of Imperialism, can bear us out in the assertion that the voice of Ireland will not be listened to in the British House of Commons. An Irish member, even such a respectable gentleman as Mr. Smyth, on his legs is looked upon by snobbish Englishmen and canny Scotchmen as a standing joke. They seem to enjoy it immensely. Even the hon. member for Derry got rather rough treatment at their hands. And yet he is enamoured of English domination.

The West Coast of Africa.

A PRIVATE correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Mail* writing from Sierra Leone on April 15, says:—Her Majesty's ship *Supply*, which left Cape Coast on the 9th, and got in here this morning, bringing a lot of stores from the former place, which, now that the war is over, are no longer wanted. The supply will remain here until the 31st to collect the mails up to that date from England, and then carry them to the Commodore and the rest of the fleet at Ascension. She will also enter seventy-five Kroonmen for the service of the fleet; these are the sailors who are very useful, and of whom a certain number are allowed to each ship on the African station. Sierra Leone is the place where they are recruited. On arrival here the Supply found the *Dromedary* and *Nebraska*, the latter with the 2nd West India Regiment on board; they are very unhealthy, having lost eight men and one officer in the last few days. They are mostly affected with low fever and chest complaints, supposed to be brought about by the insufficient ventilation of the ship. The Supply's crew are very healthy, with the exception of a few cases of mild fever, being quite free from sickness. Before she left Cape Coast the last of the 1st West India Regiment had come down from Freetown, and the whole fleet had left the place, with the exception of the *Decoy*.

Before leaving Cape Coast, I had a "yara" with the King of Ashantee's son. He is at present located in a roomy house there, and is attended by a number of his retainers. He remains at Cape Coast until the treaty is definitely settled. The young gentleman is a native of the Ashantee, and is not very tall, but very dark, and, though not by any means handsome, has an air of ease and self-possession about him which distinguishes him from the common herd; his hair is crisp and curly, nose somewhat flat, lips rather thick, and, although the general type of feature is negro, still the character is not very far from being altogether he struck me as being a rather pleasing looking specimen. He wears a single garment of the texture commonly designated "grey shirting," wound over his shoulders and round the waist, the pattern being of a kind of check, and on his feet are a pair of plain sandals. I do not think he is particularly addicted to the use of soap and water, but that, of course, is a mere matter of taste. He very graciously shook hands with my friend and myself, and motioned us to seats on either side of him on a rather so-so sofa. Our Fantee interpreter (?) spoke but little English, and if the truth was known, I don't believe he had a word of Ashantee; so when we desired him to present our respects to the Prince, and ask him if he had ever been on board of a man-of-war, he was soundered, after a lot of gabbling, turned to us and made an attempt to say "all right." What he told his Highness I don't know, but that young potentate seemed quite pleased and smiled on us graciously in a very composed manner.

I promised you in my last to give you a short sketch of the *casus belli* between ourselves and the Ashantees, and I think the following condensation is pretty near the truth:—When the various settlements along the Gold Coast were transferred by the Dutch Government to the English—represented by Mr. Pope Hennessy—in April, 1822, the Fantees, who occupy the Coast line, and who, consequently, the principal trade with foreigners, came under our protection and supervision; these people, besides trading on their own account, directly acted as the medium through which the tribes of the interior could dispose of their merchandise to civilised traders. They (the Fantees) either levied an impost on everything which was passed through their territory, or purchased the articles themselves and then sold them to traders at a profit under Dutch supervision. This state of things worked satisfactorily for the Dutch, being fully alive to the peculiarities of Fantee character, took good care that their dealings with the other tribes were fairly conducted, allowing them to reap a fair gain on merchandise traded through their territory and ports, which, of course, they were entitled to. When, however, the protectorate came into English hands a less watchful eye was kept on Fantee doings, and these gentry took every advantage of the change, knowing that they were bound to protect them from neighbouring tribes in case of attack. They increased their imports of goods, cheating and squeezing their neighbours to the utmost, whilst we, either through apathy or negligence, omitted that supervision of their practices which our position, as a protectorate demanded of us. The Ashantees, who are a comparatively peaceful and warlike people, having borne with oppression and injustice for a time, finally made a descent on the Fantees, thus compromising themselves with the English Government.

Business Directory.

We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements for this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods, as none but the most respectable house advertise in the *Nationalist*, each customer may rest assured of courteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.
California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.
Palace Amphitheatre, corner New Montgomery and Mission streets.
Belmont Park, William Janke.
Boots and Shoes.
A. E. Walsh, 905 1/2 Market street, corner Fifth.
Dr. Hest, 577 Mission street, near Third.
Stephen Thomas, 145 Fourth street.
William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).
John Ledy, 123 Fourth, corner Minna street.
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
John W. McClure, 382 Bowery, New York city.
John G. Hodge & Co., 327, 329 and 331 Sansome st.
BAKING.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N. E. corner Montgomery and Market streets.
BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.
Wood & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.
Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery street.
Matthew O'Brien, 1136 Market st, opposite 6th.

CUTLERY.
M. Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Stevenson street.
DRUGS AND TOBACCO.
B. O. Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell.
Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.
Gordon & Burke, 845 Market street.
CONFECTIONERS.
D. Sweeney & Co., Tenth and Howard streets.
J. O'Connor, 59 Clay street, corner Drumm.
McKenna & Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.
CONFECTORS.
Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.
COFFEE.
Mountain & Rays, 718 Market st, west of Kearny.
DAY GOODS.
Gleeson & Fall, People's Palace, 911 and 913 Market street, bet. Fifth and Sixth.
John O'Toole & Co., 28 Kearny street.
DEVELOPERS.
Dr. J. B. Roberts, 12 1/2 Fourth street, near Howard.
FLOURING MILLS, &c.
Green & Bigley, 2000 Mills, 210 Sacramento street.
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Isaac Selig, 215 Kearny street bet. Bush and Sutter.
GOODS AND PROVISIONS.
P. Kelly, N. E. cor. Fourth and Minna streets.
P. Hartigan, 104 First street, cor. Howard also, N. E. corner Fifth and Folson streets.
Tanner & Co., No. 30 Occidental market, (Sutter street side).
John J. Reardon, cor. Third and Everett streets, bet. Minna and Howard.
P. T. Flynn & Son, cor. Howard and Eighth streets.
Mariposa Store, Cor. Kearny, 1419 Folson street.
HATTERS.
McKenna & Greany, 23 Third street.
HORN SHEDS.
Donohue & Co., 8 Everett street, near 3d.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Washington Hotel, 519 Mission street, bet. First and Second.
Montgomery Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.
Manhattan House, 704 and 707 F. street, bet. Pacific and Broadway.
South End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, near Third.
Central Hotel, 482, 404 and 406 Broadway street.
Central Hotel, 514 and 516 Sansome street.
New Franklin House, 321 Pacific street.
LAW.
C. Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641 Merchant street.
M. Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.
McMurry, Room No. 7 Court Block, 635 Clay st.
LEVITY STRIPS.
R. Dowling, 610 Howard street, bet. Second and New Montgomery.
MEAT AND LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.
San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.
MEDICAL.
Paul M. Brennan, 127 Montgomery street.
Dr. J. D. Callaghan, 552 Folson street.
Dr. Doherty, 519 Sacramento st, cor. Leidesdorf.
Dr. Twibale, K. E. T. Terry, 21 E. Nevada.
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.
John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).
N. Sweeney, 43 Second street, (opposite Jessie).
M. Short, 527 Commercial st, cor. Leidesdorf.
MILLINERS.
Mrs. Dillon & Kenney, 30 Third street, bet. Mission and Broadway.
MINOR PARTIES, &c.
D. Drady, 243 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Folson.
Kenny & Co., 1010 Market street.
MISCELLANEOUS.
Bertha's Yeast Powder, manufactory 211 and 213 Sacramento street.
Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near Folson.
O'Donovan & Sons' Prison Life, cor. National Steamship Co., San Francisco.
San Francisco Cordage Co., 611 and 613 Front street.
J. E. Ryan, 616 Market street, Hall & Wagner, Factory cor. Folson and 16th streets.
Wm. J. Blythe, Band Master 3d Irish Regt, N. G. Cal.
Lambert & Co., 128 Second street.
NOTARIES PUBLIC.
H. O'Brien, 333 Montgomery street.
POWDER.
Giant Powder Co., 210 Front street.

PASTORAL HOUSES.
Dr. J. H. Callaghan, 409 Washington street.
Cosmopolitan Printing Co., 505 Clay street.
SAVING MACHINES.
Buckland Sewing Machine, cor. Greenwich and Cortlandt streets, New York.
STOVES AND TINWARE.
J. M. Bryan, 180 2d street.
TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES.
James & Co., 928 Broadway.
UNDERCLOTHING.
James McGinn, 717 Market street.
Flanagan & Gallagher, 834 Market street.
San Francisco Ball and Racket Court, T. Kelly, 846 Howard street, bet. Fourth and Fifth.
P. P. Brady, 616 Market street, and 1st Post street.
P. J. McMahon, Russ House Saloon, Montgomery street.
P. J. Tammam, 34 Third street.
Davis & Ward, 314 Sacramento street, bet. Front and Broadway.
Yale's Branch Saloon, cor. Third and Market streets.
Frederickburg Kintzsch Saloon, 446 California street.
Michael Ryan, 124 Fourth street, bet. Minna and Howard.
J. H. Dougherty & Co., 515 California street.
P. J. Brady, N. E. cor. Fifth and Howard streets.
Jas. Irwin, Merchants' Exchange, California st.
Celtic Club House, T. P. Baine, 1022 Market street.
J. J. Ryan, 408 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal.
Broadway, N. E. cor. Washington and Seventh streets, Oakland, Cal.
WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.
Jackson & Michigan Wagon, cor. California and Davis streets.
Cunningham & Parker, 654, 656 and 658 Howard street.

MATTHEW O'BRIEN
PRACTICAL PLUMBER
GAS AND STEAM FITTER
No. 1136 Market street, opposite Sixth street, bet. 5th and 6th, SAN FRANCISCO.

All work warranted. Jobbing promptly attended to.
LAFAYETTE BREWERY,
725 Second Street.
THOMAS GROGAN AND A. ANSETT
PROPRIETORS.

MEDICAL.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID
DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
DRYK DOHERTY'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL SURGICAL INSTITUTE

(FOUNDED IN 1853.)
No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorf street (few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorf street, near Third.
Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY, RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of all diseases of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, AND GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz.: GONORRHOEA, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHOEA, GLEET, STRICTURE, NOCTURNAL AND DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK AND LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, etc., etc. and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, characteristically, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society, all parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit success.
DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remission of cure. It will be seen that their statements are fully substantiated by a Notary Public.
The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to glorify the practice of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.
DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgments, for your fee was small for the work performed.
I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.
I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical aid, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars. I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.
I am, Doctor, very truly yours, I—H—
San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1864.

A. S. GOULD, Notary Public.
Seminol Weakness—A Sufferer from a Most Remarkable Cure of Seminal Weakness.
A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I have been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Seminal Weakness" or "Seminal Debility," the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal Weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused, and I was unable to pursue my avocations. I had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent of the land, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth day of my treatment, I placed myself under his care; one week found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1864.
A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.
TO FEMALES.
When a female is overworked, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should at once write to one of the celebrated female doctors, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. All married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.
If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself including the remedies to be used, will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.
If the case be not fully described, the Doctor's personal cure guaranteed or no pay. Address, DR. W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., 519 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying the views and experience in relation to Impotency or Virility, being a short treatise on Seminal Weakness, or Seminal Debility, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.
This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address, DR. W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., 519 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

LAW DIRECTORY.

M. WHALING.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE—Room No. 17 Downey Block,
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 175-17

M. COONEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
No. 7 Court Block, 636 Clay Street,
And 645 Merchant Street, bet. Kearny and Montgomery.
Residence, 312 Seventh st. SAN FRANCISCO. ap15-17

F. CUMMINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, No. 635 Clay Street, and No. 641 Merchant street, San Francisco. ap1-17

NOTARIES PUBLIC AND COLLECTORS.

HENRY C. BLAKE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

333 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of Instruments drawn up carefully in legal form, and at reasonable charges. Depositions taken at all hours in any part of the city. Residence, 937 HOWARD ST., (between 5th and 6th Sts.) 17-17

BANKING AND REAL ESTATE.

HIBERNIA SAVINGS
Loan Society.

OFFICE—Northeast corner of Montgomery and Market streets.
OFFICERS:
President..... M. D. SWEENEY
Vice President..... C. D. O'SULLIVAN

TRUSTEES:
M. J. O'CONNOR,
C. D. O'SULLIVAN,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
R. J. T. BULL,
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD,
JOS. A. DONAHOE,
PETER DONAHOE.

Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office, or any reliable banking house; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit. A proper pass book will be delivered to the Agent by whom the deposit is made.
Deposits received from \$5 00 upwards.
OFFICE HOURS—From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. 17-17

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

McKenna & Greany,
Commission Merchants
...AND DEALERS IN...
HAY AND GRAIN.

West side of Drumm street, between Clay and Washington, San Francisco. my10-17

D. Sweeney & Co.,
Cattle Commission Merchants,
Corner Tenth and Howard streets, ... SAN FRANCISCO.

Have constantly on hand fresh family Milk Cows, Horses, etc. Large and commodious stalls and corrals, and superior accommodations for all kinds of stock. 17-17

J. O. Connor & Co.,
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENTS,
59 Clay street, corner of Drumm. my10-17

PETER J. KELLY,
SUCCESSOR TO
Lennon & Kelly,
...DEALERS IN...
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.
Southeast Corner of Fourth and Minna Streets, San Francisco. 17-17

P. HARTIGAN,
Wholesale & Retail Grocer,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS FRIENDS

and the public that he is prepared to furnish them with Groceries, Tea, Ham, etc., and the Finest Brands of Wines and Liquors, at greatly reduced prices.
Goods delivered free to all parts of the city.
GIVE US A CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.
164 First street, Corner Howard (Opposite Gas Works).
Also, N. E. Cor. 12th and Folson (Opposite the City Gardens.) 1615-17

A. F. BENARD.
...IMPORTER AND DEALER IN...
Fine Wines, Liquors and Brandies,
N. E. COR. FIFTH AND HOWARD STS.
SAN FRANCISCO. 17-17

Yates' Branch Saloon
BILLIARD HALL
Corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars... English Ale and Porter on Draught... Ale, Beer and Porter Five cents per Glass... Genuine Staffordshire Ale.
17-17 YATES & CO., Proprietors.

Wine Rooms,
OF THE
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE,
...CALIFORNIA STREET...
JAMES IRWIN.
...DEALERS IN...
P. T. Flynn & Son.
...DEALERS IN...
Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc. Corner of Howard and Eighth streets, San Francisco. 17-17

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1874.

“Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom.”
JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME, SAN JOSE.—We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of an invitation to attend the annual examinations at the Convent of Notre Dame on Tuesday, June 23d—an invitation of which we will be very happy to avail ourselves.

An American Tribute to John Mitchel.

We have received from Mr. Mullally, chairman of the Irish American Mitchell Testimonial Committee, in New York, a letter announcing the intention of Irishmen in this country to present a suitable testimonial to the great patriot, independent of, and distinct from the Mitchell Testimonial Fund. Large amounts have been already subscribed in New York and Philadelphia, and Mr. Mullally has communicated with prominent and patriotic Irishmen in this city on the subject. John Mitchell has certainly deserved this, and more, at the hands of his countrymen. We are glad to learn that certain wealthy and prominent Irishmen of this city have already taken active steps in the matter, the conviction having been at length borne in upon their minds that they can better testify their respect for Mr. Mitchell by a testimonial during his life than by a tribute after his death.

MORE OF LOCAL OPTION.

In the consideration of this temperance mania which seems to have possessed a number of persons in this city and State, we should endeavor to disabuse our minds of any tendency towards the fanaticism which is a natural concomitant of any sudden frenzy which has, or pretends to have, religion as its basis. It is very easy to understand the feelings that animate these *so-called* temperance crusaders. They fancy they are doing good service to the State and the community at large, and are inspired with precisely the same spirit that actuated all the religious persecutions of by-gone days, which we now read, with the advantage of time's assuaging influence, with horror and amazement. Yet history repeats itself, and the human race in its thoughts and feelings are ever the same; their conduct only being influenced by the manners and civilization of the age in which we live. The fiercely fanatic feelings which inspired the atrocious tortures of the rack and stake for elimination of religious discord are flourishing among us now in the nineteenth century, and are inciting those under their influence to acts of no less palpable injustice, though governed and directed by the legal requirements of the age in which we live. The persons of those obnoxious to them are shielded not less by their own civilization than by the law of the land, but against property and individual rights is waging a no less savage warfare. Have these temperance enthusiasts ever reflected what a branch of industry they are attempting to abolish; what number of unoffending persons they are contemplating to reduce to ruin? For the credit of their public spirit, and of that philanthropy on which they so loudly vaunt themselves will hope not. But it can be no harm to endeavor to convince them of the enormity of their conduct by the irrefragable logic of ordinal statistics. In this city there are 138 wholesale houses, which they have already contrived to seriously injure by their ill-advised exertions. Of the amount of property represented by these 138 firms we will not attempt to furnish an estimate. A stroll along Front street, and the wholesale blocks on California and Sacramento streets will convince any one that they represent no small proportion of the taxable property of the city. These men, among the most worthy and

prominent of our merchants, always foremost in any public charity, and discharging fully and fairly their duties as wealthy citizens, are to be at once deprived of their business, and either driven from the State or forced into private life to satisfy the scruples (we do not wish to be ungallant, but truth is truth) of a lot of fanatical women and their adherents. This, in itself, would be bad enough, but this is by no means all. There are 2,700 retail liquor stores and saloons, whose business is to be quashed, and whose means of livelihood is to be taken away for the same cause. Two thousand seven hundred! There is no other branch of business against which these fanatics might feel called upon to march which would occasion so great a gap by its fall in the interests of the city. As an argument on their side the temperance party cite the immense sums annually spent in liquor, and support their position by statistics. We allow them correct without a question, for the larger the sum spent, the stronger the position which we affirm. This money is not sunk. It is not melted, or thrown into the bay. It remains in circulation, flows through every commercial artery in the State, furnishing the means of trade, commerce, and agriculture, and adding, cent for cent as it is expended, to the material wealth of the country. Surely these temperance folks cannot be such poor political economists as to imagine that a dollar spent for whiskey is a dollar lost to the industries of the State, though their arguments would almost induce us to think so. By their plan this sum, annually spent in liquor, would be saved, that is, would not be spent, at least so runs the argument as we understand it. Granted. But it is a well known fact that plenty of money in circulation means good wages and constant employment to the working man, with a proportionate briskness in every other branch of business. By withdrawing this large sum from every day's circulation, and hoarding it in stockings, or even in savings banks, the daily current circulation would be so much reduced, and every one would suffer in proportion. But in addition to this we would have, at the lowest estimate, 5,000 men at once thrown out of employment and placed upon the labor market. This, in conjunction with any scarcity of money could not fail to produce a plethora of labor, and a consequent diminution of wages.

This is in accordance with the unalterable requirements of supply and demand. Whiskey or no whiskey, it is an indubitable fact that a man who is only earning a dollar a day cannot spend as much as he could when he was earning two; consequently the other branches of trade must suffer from the poverty of the necessary consumer. This looks very much like hard-times, and a realization in the midst of our hitherto prosperous State of something akin to the horrors evoked by the recent panic in the East. At the same time we would have nearly 3,000 stores, saloons, etc., vacated at once; and in the stagnation of business which would inevitably follow such an ordinance as the Local Optionists propose it would be difficult to induce anyone to re-occupy them. Here, then, is so much taxable property lost to the city and county at the very time when the greatest demand would probably be put upon public charity. Whichever way we examine the Local Option Law we see it fraught with danger and distress, and it is difficult to conceive how any can be so blinded and besotted by bigoted fanaticism as to look at the question in any other light. That the forcible reclamation of a few drunkards, if indeed the ordinance would have even that effect, should be sufficient to induce anyone to hazard the welfare and growth of a prosperous city, is an anomaly that may well challenge belief. But we have sufficient faith in the public spirit of our citizens to believe they will defeat the temperance party in this city at least, in spite of the earnest, and not very creditable efforts that are being made to foment division in the ranks of the voters, and blind their eyes to their real interests. An attempt has been made, of all others the most reprehensible, to excite a feeling of hostility on account of old differences between the Irish and German population, with a view to wielding the vote of the former against license. On this point we would particularly caution our readers. The Germans are to a unit opposed to local option, and their vote will be given in a body for its defeat. That the temperance party can descend to the paltry expedient of endeavoring to influence nationality in behalf of their iniquitous ordinance is sufficient proof that they are conscious of the weakness of their cause, and the baseness of the attempt is a poor way of sustaining the exalted character of religious fervor they have arrogated for themselves. We hope the Irish population will come as a unit to the polls to defeat this most unjust and special law, remembering that the interests of thousands are involved in its overthrow, and fully determined to stamp out this pseudo-religious fanaticism from their midst, at once and for ever.

THE GROCERS AND OUR BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

It is strange how an access of public favor on any subject is sometimes seen to operate directly on Municipal bodies, who might be supposed from their very position, to be out of reach of those little blasts of fear and favor which are popularly supposed to blow only *sub nubibus*. In ordinary matters this is, to the uninitiated mind, sufficiently unaccountable; but in some cases this extraordinary influence of outside pressure, even when exercised in opposition to the most elementary principles of justice, is directed against some object of such importance as to demand something more than

comment. Like Coriolanus who, under the influence of female entreaty, "whined and roared away his victory;" the Board of Supervisors have succumbed to the influence of feminine persuasion, and have carried their compliance so far as to pass an ordinance for bidding any intoxicating liquor to be sold in a grocery store. No one in America needs to be told that courtesy and kindness to the fair sex, in all things reasonable, is the first duty of a gentleman; but when it comes to enacting a discriminating and unjust ordinance for the sake of pleasing some ladies, who we will in charity suppose, "know not what they ask," it is pushing politeness beyond the limits that even chivalry would endure. It may be, and doubtless is very painful to refuse any request urged with all the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," and possibly with all the "sighs and tears and protestations" of which ladies are so consummate mistresses; but to spare themselves the pain of receiving, and the petitioned the pain of giving a refusal, the ladies ought to confine their demands to things more reasonable, or at least to things within their province. And if they so far forget what is due to themselves and due to the legislative, if not to the individual capacity of the honorable body they petition, we would remind the Board of Supervisors of the wholesome hint contained in a homely old proverb "A shameless pray, a shameless nay."

By weakly acceding to this unreasonable request of a few ladies, the Supervisors have committed an act of palpable injustice and have enacted a piece of special legislation against a large and industrious class of citizens. This temperance crusade is running mad and is biting people who have been hitherto considered sane. It is time that its tarantula-like cours should be stopped, for surely this last injunction caps the climax. It would seem that to sell groceries is an independent and additional offense in the eyes of our sapient Supervisors to that of retailing liquor. However, crime or not they have determined it shall not continue, and at the instance of a few female fanatics have enacted the precious ordinance mentioned above.

We need not inform our readers that a compliance with this ordinance would seriously cripple the business of every grocer in this city—nay, would probably ruin some; but what is that to the Supervisors? The only course open to the injured community is to resist by every means in their power and to the last dollar, this monstrous and atrociously unconstitutional law. A thorough organization and a bold front displayed by the grocer would doubtless quickly convince the puissant Board that even the smiling approval of the gratified "ladies fair," is hardly a sufficient excuse for their action. The special enactment against the grocers is only a phase of the prevailing temperance epidemic, which systematically pursues the course it has laid out for itself, remorseless as the car of Juggernaut, and equally indifferent in its paroxysm of religious fervor, of the sufferings of the victims it has crushed beneath its wheels. It is really surprising how this crusade can shamelessly arrogate the title of philanthropic, while it flaunts its short-sighted selfishness in the gaze of the world.

It is, of course, useless to point out to the madness of fanaticism (a worse species of intoxication than any it is warring against) the injury and injustice done to a number of respectable and industrious citizens. Do the supervisors, or these lady-petitioners of theirs understand that the enforcement of their ordinance would make nine-tenths of the grocers bankrupts? Can they realize this, and look into its effects, and yet "continue to cant about temperance and Christian duty? Do they know that these people, whose rights as American citizens they are invading, contrary to every precedent of the law of the land, and every justice human and divine, do they know that these grocers are kind, charitable men, (we speak, of course, of the rule) that they have often supported poor families through hard times by giving credit when

the money was gone, less for the chance of future payment, which was remote indeed, but that the starving children might have bread? How many of these truly Christian ladies, perfect as they may be in all the verbose cant of piety, have done or would do as much? Doubtless these are ladies of position in the city, perhaps of wealth, to whom the bare idea of such poverty as these iniquitous grocers are liable at any moment to come in contact with is repulsive; who are only acquainted with want in an interesting and thoroughly relievable form through the pages of a novel, knowing nothing of the hard, dry, every day realities when a day's credit at the grocer's means food instead of starvation. This is not overdrawn though the ladies may think so, and though our feelings towards their conduct are none of the kindest we have charity enough towards them to wish that they may never think otherwise; but in the mean time what remains to be said of the insane, bigotry (this is no time for nice expressions) that levels a death-blow at that body of men whose charity has often times stood in the awful gap when our delicate temperance dames reclined in their drawing-room, and partook of delicacies that came to them as regular as the rising sun. What can be said of it? It is a manifest injustice; none the more justified that it has been introduced by Pharisaical cant, and is dignified by the high-sounding title of "Local Option." Local Option, forsooth! There should be no option allowed any one to rob their neighbors, unless they are prepared to undergo the usual punishment. To the good sense of the Board of Superintendents we leave the matter, trusting that their earliest session will be devoted to reversing this most iniquitous ordinance.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, May 26th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

Sir—I am afraid I must trouble you again, just a little, in the matter of misprints. I do not bother about any mere marring of my style, but only when too sad havoc is made with my sense. There is no doubt Father O'Malley is of an aggressive nationality, but I only said that he was of an "aggressive personality." I also spoke of the Home Rule, not as a hue and cry but as a "new cry." I think your reader and myself might make a mutual compact that he should try and read better and that I should try and write better. Not, however, that I'm not quite ready to believe that I'm the sole offender myself. And now, I mean to make complaints on more serious matters; to give up the role of correspondent for once in a way, and to take up the character—which a great many of my readers will think more in my line—of a critic. I remember there used to be a great deal of talk in my early days, among those Young Irelanders who were my earliest instructors in the creed of nationality about what was called the "right to differ," a right which they not only freely used themselves, but, I must do them the justice to say, freely allowed to others. The Irish Nationalists, or Revolutionists, or whatever you wish to call them, who succeeded the Young Irelanders, in whatever matters they may have improved upon their predecessors, and I think they did improve upon them in some, most certainly were not quite so tolerant of difference of opinion. 'Tisn't that we at all differed less, but that there was a sort of notion that it was wrong to differ, and that all outward manifestations of difference of opinion should be carefully avoided. Then there was the additional notion that the profane outer-world, in so far as they differed from us, were necessarily and even criminally in the wrong. There is of course an element of truth in this last notion. Every Irish-born man who does not believe that Ireland ought to be "a Nation once again" is necessarily, if by no means criminally, in gross and crass error. But it should be ever one of our most serious duties, indeed I am not sure but it is our most serious one, to show our wandering brother the error of his ways, and *not* to assume, when the case is not too plain, that he errs knowingly. All this is somewhat of an old story, and I don't know that I should have said anything about our former shortcomings if I had not some reason to believe that there is still a little leaven of the old spirit among us. At any rate I am going to make some trial of your powers of toleration and some also of my own "right to differ."

I'll commence, however, somewhat paradoxically perhaps, by noticing a point of agreement between us, and one on which we are unfortunately at variance with too many good Irishmen both in Ireland and America. I allude to what I may shortly call the English working man's delusion. You seem to expect just as little as I do from said working man, or his so-called friends, and self-elected leaders. And I have no doubt at all but you are quite right in this. I think, however, you are very much mistaken in another matter connected with this working man. You think he is about to shake, if not shatter, the present frame-work of English society, and that we should be both willing and ready to avail ourselves of the inevitable confusion consequent on such a process. I am quite one with you as to willingness, but I don't in the least think there's the smallest necessity for being ready just yet. The English working man is very slow in all his movements, and, if somewhat stolid, is by no means without glimmerings of reason, and even gleams of common sense. If he means to uproot society he'll take plenty of time about it, and I'm not at all sure he means to do it at all, and what is more, if I were his friend, instead of being, as I am, his enemy, I'd strongly advise him to leave his society alone. He can, in my opinion, get everything that any society, short of the millennium could give him.

But English workmen are not the only allies who find ready to our hand. You go all round the world looking for help, and nearly every place you find the help we need. This is always pleasant, but is there no mistake in your calculations? "The cloud of war is even now lowering over Europe." Don't be too sure of that, and above all don't be anyway sure that war would necessarily serve the Irish cause. "France is steadily gaining strength, and will ere long take the field to wipe out her reverses in blood." I hope and trust that France is steadily (if slowly) gaining strength, but I fear very much that if she takes the field *ere long* she will not wipe out her reverses in blood. But happily there is no reason whatever, in my opinion, for supposing that France has any notion of ere long taking the field. The great danger for France, and what can by no possibility be any good for us, is that she may be forced or compelled into a war before she is ready. I don't intend to follow you very far in your travels to Russia. No doubt it is very likely, if not absolutely certain, that England and Russia will come into collision in the East some time or other, but I don't see any very strong reason for believing that this will occur for the next twenty years, and for anything that I know it may not occur for fifty or a hundred years. This from my point of view is "five horse till you get grass" sort of business with a vengeance. You go on, to say that "this wide-spread war cloud must speedily break in some quarter, and whenever it breaks England can scarce fail to be involved." This is in my opinion a somewhat gratuitous assumption again. I think she may very easily fail to be involved. But if it is your next sentence that puzzles and troubles me,

That we should be in a position to take immediate advantage of this, may more, that we should anticipate and direct it, so as to subserve our own ends, it is imperatively necessary that we should have an organization in mature working order, and enjoying the fullest and most widespread popular confidence." As much organization as you can get by all means; but it is a mystery to me how any amount of organization on our part can enable us to force England into a foreign war against her will. But perhaps this is enough criticism and complaint for one letter. I could easily have touched upon other topics, and been much more lengthy on those I have touched. Perhaps I may say something in another letter upon that organization which is the subject of the article on which I have been just commenting. Perhaps all my complaints against you may be epitomized in the old proverb "The more haste the less speed." We have been trying to shake the English off for the last seven hundred years. We haven't done it yet. How can we know that we're going to do it soon? The real thing for us to know and feel, both head and heart and soul, is that we should go on struggling for, if necessary, the next seven hundred years.

We are in the middle of a ministerial crisis here. The Ministry have been beaten in the Chamber and have resigned; and I hope they'll stick to their resignation, but I think it highly probable they won't. Any way you must wait till next week for any further news about them or at least be content with what the telegram give you.

AN IRISH EXILE.

PENNY WISE

The late action of the Board of Supervisors in reducing the salary of the police force, savors of a very petty economy, and appears both ill-advised and unjust. Police officers have a very arduous life, and have duties to perform which daily bring them in hazard of their lives. This should be considered in their remuneration. We doubt if those who now sneer at their easy times and complain of their high salaries would undertake the same duty for double the stipend. The force in this city consists of a worthy and intelligent body of men, and their arduous duties are in the main efficiently performed. The saving to the city is as nothing in the reduction of their salaries, and the effect on the morale of the force cannot be otherwise than damaging. Is the police do their duty they are well worthy of all that is given them, and if they do not do their duty they are worthless; either ten or two hundred dollars would be equally misapplied of them. We hear no complaint of their efficiency. The condition in which the comparatively small force keep the peace of a large city is a sufficient refutation of any charge of connivance or neglect. If the object of the supervisors be to raise the tone of the force and make it a suitable position for a really competent and conscientious man, surely the reduction of salary is the last way in the world to obtain that end. The reduction of salary anywhere is an invidious measure, and one not to be advocated except under very exceptional circumstances. Men who have done their best and are willing to do so in the future naturally feel that their services are worth as much now as at any other time, and all circumstances being the same, cannot understand the arbitrary reduction of a salary which was not considered too much in the past. It is to be hoped that another Board of Supervisors will reverse this last measure of short-sighted economy which surely cannot be a material item to the purse of the city. If economical reforms must be instituted somewhere we had rather they commenced anywhere else than amongst the legally constituted guardians of our lives and properties.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS HAIRE

From Mr. John D. McCarthy, Secretary of the Cl-na-Gael Association of Kansas City we have received the following preamble and resolutions expressive of the sympathy and sorrow of the Association, for the death of Thomas Haire.

We take a melancholy pleasure in performing this duty, and paying our tribute of respect to the memory of one to whom no necessity of patriotism was unwelcome, and no department of nationality unfamiliar. His memory will well deservedly be ever green, not only amongst his brothre members of the warm-hearted Asso- ciation, whose last sad tribute we publish, but in the heart of every liberty loving son of Erin.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted at a special meeting of the Cl-na-Gael Association of Kansas City, Mo. June 7, 1874.

Whereas: An all wise Providence has been pleased to call from our midst, our esteemed friend and fellow-countrymen, Thomas Haile, and

Whereas: during his career whilst amongst us, for the past eight years, we have recognized in him the qualities of a true and faithful Irish Patriot, and a gentleman of genius and culture, whose many virtues and self-sacrificing spirit has endeared him to us all.

Resolved: That in his death we deeply deplore the loss to Ireland, of a trusted and faithful son, one of society's brightest ornaments, and our own cherished friend and co-laborer in the cause of Irish freedom,

And be it Resolved: That his stricken family have our warmest sympathy in their sorrow bereavement.

And be it further Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be furnished for publication, to the IRISH NATIONALIST, of San Francisco, Calif. and to the Western Celt, of St. Louis, Mo.

JAC. D. MCCARTHY, Secy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES —BY— THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

CHAPTER I.
(Commenced in No. 24.)

PRELIMINARY—BRING A CURSORY GLANCE AT MY EARLY TRAINING.

(Specially written for the IRISH NATIONALIST.)

The romantic legends of the earlier periods of Roman story, imaging the magnanimous thoughts and deeds of "those brave days of old," of which Lord Macaulay's lays give us so life-like a vision, and the grand achievements of the latter and more authentic times of the great military republic of antiquity alike contributed to fill my mind with pictures at once heroic and tragic. I trembled when the fortunes of Rome seemed to waver; exulted when her star rode bright and high. Some of Rome's enemies, however, interested me too; for example, the adventurous Pyrrhus and, still more, the marvellous wife-famed Hannibal. But my great historic idol during my childhood (nor have my feelings about him changed much since) was that incomparable hero, whom the greatest of poets styles "the top-most man of all the world"—Julius Cæsar! When I first read the story of his assassination, I cried bitterly and exclaimed: "Oh! the wretches, the ungrateful wretches, to kill poor Cæsar!" Yet I subsequently grieved over the fate of Brutus and Cassius too. No doubt the phantom of Cæsar, that twice appeared to Brutus in his tent, startled me like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's terrors in "the Mysteries of Udolpho."

Sometimes my mother used to read the Roman history aloud to me, and I would illustrate the battles of which she read, with several little toy regiments of soldiers, that my father and she had given to me at different times. I also made generals of a small set of nine-pins, using the bowls for cannon-balls. I remember that, on the evening on which my father brought this Roman history home, while he was either cutting or turning over the leaves, he expressed the very extravagant and idle hope that I might yet be Prime Minister. At the same time, he mentioned something about Mr. Canning, who, though he did not reach the dignity of Premier till some years later, was even then the most brilliant statesman of the British Empire. Mr. Canning, on account of his parentage on both sides, was, though born in London, claimed by Irishmen as a sort of countryman of theirs. Thus early was some little spark of interest in public affairs kindled in my soul.

"Boyce's Pantheon," too, opened up a world of enchantment to me before I was five years old. The stories of the Gods and Goddesses of the antique classic world delighted me. My boy's imagination revelled in the bowers of Olympus and the scenes of Elysium. I think I have still somewhere in my possession a little illustrated child's book, containing a short metrical account of the labours of Hercules, which I was always reading when a very little fellow. I also, in those early days, read Pinocchio's "Catechism of Irish History," Mrs. Trimmer's "stories from the History of England," and her "stories from the Bible," ballads, such as "Gaelic's Grave" and various other smatches of poetry. I recollect particularly reading the parting of Conrad and Medora in Byron's "Corsair." I remember, too, being completely enchanted with the tale of "Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp," diverted in different ways by "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," frightened and fascinated by a volume of ghost-stories, interested by "Elizabeth or the Exiles of Siberia," and the tales in Miss Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant," especially "Barring out" and "Simple Susan," and even greatly taken by a sixpenny story-book, entitled "The blood-stained Mantle" (in all probability an utterly absurd production), which was full of Highland chiefs and outrageously romantic war, of murder, love and madness. It was decorated, I remember, with a folding-page, containing several gaudily-bedaubed woodcuts. Highland chiefs were represented on horse-back, with kilts and without "inexpressibles." A melo-dramatic villain, grimly yelped Garmalmon, here perditionally stabs, there brutally butchers his too confiding friend, Dunlathmon. Finally you might see the wretched sister of this amiable victim of misplaced friendship, the heroine Earthula, once a maiden of ravishing beauty and seraphic virtues, now gone clean distracted, turning a deaf ear to all the prayers of her afflicted lover, perching herself on a dizzy crag and raving, no doubt, melodious lunatics to the midnight blast, I believe this thing was one of a set of catchpenny pamphlets or chap-books, issued by Tegg the London publisher.

But my favorite book of all was a large volume of plays, entitled "The London Stage." The sentiments of liberty in Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's "Pizarro" caused me to admire that drama far more than it really merited. I used to imitate some of the characters in this collection of plays. On one occasion at Kingstown, near Dublin, where I lived during a portion of my childhood, where some unexpected visitors were to be entertained, I made people laugh by giving my perplexed mother the identical directions, which Longfellow the miser, in Fielding's comedy of that name, while ordering a stung supper for his guests, gives to his servant. I bid my mother kill an old cock and suggested some other miserable shifts, adding—"Isn't there plenty and variety in this?" I have always been passionately fond of dramatic representations, dramatic literature

and even dramatic scenes in actual life. Many other books, besides those enumerated, I read in those early days; in fact I had a regular baby library.

During the next nine years, bringing me on to my eighteenth year, my reading became far more extensive and varied. I acquired a tolerable general idea of history; I read "Blackwood's Magazine," the "University" and "The United Service Journal;" I read most of Sir Walter Scott's, Cooper's and Captain Marryatt's novels, Godwin's, Caleb Williams', one or two of Bulwer's and "The Arabian Nights;" I read "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote" with wild amazement. The latter, indeed, enchanted and took possession of me beyond any book I ever read before or since. I found a rich fund of amusement in Lover's, Carleton's, Crofton's, Croker's and Maxwell's Irish stories, entertainment also in other Irish legends, some in a collection published in a sixpenny chap-book, then current in fairs and markets through the Island, some in magazines such as "The Dublin Penny Journal" and "The Dublin Penny Magazine." In the former "Darby Doyle's voyage to Quebec" first appeared. I need hardly put on record that in my juvenile days, I eagerly perused the immortal classics of the nursery—"Tom Thumb," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "et hoc genus omne;" a translation of Grimm's "German Popular Stories." I read over and over with delight. I also remember greatly liking a child's story called "Little Jack," Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho." I greedily devoured by stealth. In my sixteenth year I read Smollett's "Roderick Random" and "Pergrine Pickle;" Schiller's (?) "Ghost-seer" thrilled me about the same period; I had felt the spell of his "Robbers" years before.

Long before my sixteenth year, too, I had begun to find pleasure in Shakespeare. I was never tired, when a boy of eleven or twelve, of reading the two parts of "Henry the Fourth" and, I think, the play of "Henry the Fifth." Jack Cade's revolt, in the second part of "Henry the Sixth," I also read over and over again. I delighted in "The Midsummer night's dream," especially the parts relating to Bottom the weaver. I liked portions of "The Tempest," "Cymbeline" and "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," Richard the Third" and "King Lear." Others of the Shakespearean dramas were more or less familiar to me in my boyhood; but I don't think I knew very much of Hamlet in those early days.

(To be Continued.)

Exciting Scenes in the French Assembly— Bold Proposal to Restore the Monarchy.

Telegraphic news from Paris bearing date the 15th inst. gives the following account of the proceedings in the Assembly.

The Chamber of the Assembly to-day was crowded with Deputies and spectators. Casimir Perier introduced the Constitutional bill prepared by the Left Centre, and moved that its consideration be deferred. He said the country demanded a termination of the Provisional state, and urged union against Bonapartism and demagoguism. The speaker was frequently interrupted by the Right, and was warmly applauded by the Left.

Laboulaye supported the motion. He said recent events had shown the danger of the Provisional condition; that a Monarchy was impossible; a Republic was the government, all for all; its establishment would inspire the country with confidence.

General Changarnier, of the Right Centre, and Raoul Duval, of the Right, opposed the motion.

Dekerdel, of the Right, warned members of the majority that as the Assembly was changed, Marshal MacMahon might consider it his duty to resign the Presidency.

A vote was then taken on urgency, resulting years 345, nays 341. All the ministers voted against it. The bill was then referred to the Committee of Thirty.

La Rochefoucauld, of the Extreme Right, then introduced a resolution as follows, which was read amid profound silence:

The Assembly declares that the Government of France is a monarchy; that the throne belongs to the head of the House of France; that Marshal MacMahon may assume the title of Lieutenant of the Kingdom; and that national institutions be determined by agreement between the King and the National Representatives.

Great excitement followed the reading of the resolution. La Rochefoucauld moved that it be referred to the Committee of Thirty, which was rejected by a majority of 100. The ministers, with the exception of Tailhand, voted against it. The Assembly adjourned until to-morrow.

It is stated that La Rochefoucauld resigned his position as Ambassador to Great Britain before introducing the resolution.

The Bonapartist Deputies had a conference before to-day's sitting, and came to the conclusion that it would be useless to introduce any counter motion against the Left Centre.

The Times' Paris special dispatch contains the following particulars of the proceedings in the night's report:

Lambert de Sainte Croix, supported by all the members of the Right Centre, submitted a bill providing that Marshal MacMahon's powers be confirmed, with the title of President of a Republic; a second Chamber to be organized; the right to dissolve both branches of the Assembly to be conferred on President MacMahon; and his successor to be appointed by the two Chambers in convention. The bill was referred to the Committee of Thirty, together with that of the Left Centre.

The Times' correspondent adds: "The exact result of the sitting is that the Committee of ordering them to promptly organize either a Septennate, without claiming a Republic, or to constitute and declare a definitive Republic under the Presidency of MacMahon." It is probable that the Committee will organize a Septennate, and that the Assembly will ratify its decision; otherwise the majority hitherto with the Government will shift to the Left, which in all probability would cause MacMahon to resign. It is not unlikely that in consequence of yesterday's proceedings some of the

Ministers will resign, but there will be no absolute ministerial crisis. In a Cabinet council held previous to the sitting of the Assembly, De Cazez and others urged MacMahon to send a message to the Assembly, reminding it of its promise to organize his powers; but a majority of the Ministers were averse to such a step. Ministers De Cazez, Magne, Grivart and De Cazez voted in favor of Rochefoucauld's motion to refer his monarchical resolution to the Committee of Thirty; Deputies Blanc, Quinet, Peires, and D'André Pasquier, and twenty members of the Right Centre abstained from voting on the motion for urgency for the Left Centre's Constitutional bill."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1776, — 1874.



PROCLAMATION

JULY 4, 1874.

Headquarters Grand Marshal, Southwest Corner Clay and Montgomery Sts., SAN FRANCISCO, June 12th 1874.

FELOW-CITIZENS—Having had conferred upon me the high honor of being chosen Grand Marshal of the Celebration of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence, by the "Committee of Two Hundred," I hereby extend a cordial invitation to all Military and Civic Bodies, and to all my fellow-citizens generally, to participate in the approaching Celebration, and to unite in rendering a fitting tribute to the glorious event that gave rank to our country among the Powers of the world, proclaiming the United Colonies of America as the independent, free, and happy people of the world, and the beneficiaries of the blessings of a Free Government, and the benefits they receive through the devotion of our Revolutionary Fathers.

To command success, it is necessary that every citizen should take an active interest in the Celebration, and their co-operation and assistance is specially desired. Special invitations will be extended to all organized bodies, and a prompt and ready acceptance is solicited. Committees on Finance, composed of well known citizens will wait upon the citizens generally, from whom a generous response is expected.

The appointment of Chiefs of Staff, Marshals of Divisions, and Aids, will be announced as speedily as possible. The Grand Marshal assures his fellow-citizens that nothing shall be left undone to make the forthcoming Celebration worthy of the Day, and once more asks for your co-operation and assistance.

15th St. DANIEL NORCROSS, Grand Marshal.

EUREKA MILLS,
210 SACRAMENTO STREET,
BETWEEN FRONT AND DAVIS.
SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN BIGLEY,
PROPRIETOR.
(Successor to GARNER & BIGLEY.)
Manufacturer of Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Pearl Barley, Cracked Wheat, Hominy, Split Peas, etc., as well as Ground Feed of all kinds. Does custom work. Feed of all kinds ground to order.

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JOHN A. LENNON,
Wholesale Dealer in
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AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
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San Francisco.

WARDE, GILLERAN & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Brandies, Wines and Liquors,
303 BATTERY STREET,
NEAR CORNER SACRAMENTO,
San Francisco.

PURE KENTUCKY WHISKIES A SPECIALTY.

CHAS. MURRAY,
Real Estate Agent and Money
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Collections made, Loans negotiated, and Insurance effected on the most favorable terms.
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DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.

S. E. Cor. Montgomery and Merchant Streets,
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S. VAN PRAAG,
Dealer in Imported
Cigars and Tobacco,
No. 30 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite Lick House, San Francisco.

CHARGE BY BOX AT JOBBING RATES.
JOHN BURKE PHILLIPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Dunbar Alley, Rear of City Hall,
San Francisco.

MCGANN,
PRACTICAL HATTER
No 25 Third Street,
Between Market and Mission Streets.

MR. MCGANN, RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES to his old friends, and the Public generally, that he has recently returned from the East, with a Large Stock of Hats and Caps suitable for all seasons, which he offers for sale at very reasonable prices.
Don't forget the number,
25 Third Street.

K. KENNY & CO.,

Importers of, and Dealers in

Mirrors, Chromos, Engravings,
Lithographs, Photographs, &c.

A Large Stock of
PICTURE FRAMES

ALWAYS ON HAND.

1010 MARKET STREET.

Directly Opposite Fifth.

We will guarantee to furnish any Goods in our line at less price than any other house on the coast.

We have the best assorted stock of Catholic or Irish pictures of any house on the coast.

We will fill Country Orders with promptness, and guarantee that all Goods are delivered in good condition, or money returned.

We will do re-gilding and re-framing at Eastern prices.

Don't forget the number of our Store :
1010 MARKET STREET.

TAXES.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROVISIONS OF AN Act levying a Tax for State purposes, approved March 28, 1874, the Auditor of the City and County of San Francisco has delivered to the undersigned, duplicate Assessment Books for the Fiscal Years 1873-74 and 1874-75.

Notice is hereby given that the Taxes entered on said Books are NOW DUE and payable, and will become DELINQUENT on the FIRST MONDAY OF JULY, 1874, and that unless paid prior thereto, TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT, WILL BE ADDED to the amount thereof.

A. AUSTIN, Tax Collector,
City and County of San Francisco.
May 11, 1874.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
814 & 816 SANSOME ST.,
Near Broadway..... SAN FRANCISCO.

SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES.—All the rooms furnished with the best spring beds, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests.
Board and Lodging..... \$5 to \$6 per Week.
Board and Lodging..... \$1.00 per Day.
The CENTRAL HOTEL COACH will be at every Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing, to convey passengers and baggage to the House free of charge.
Jettif
MICHAEL FARRELL, Proprietor.

NEW FRANKLIN HOUSE,
321 Pacific St.,
Corner of Sansome..... SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS HOUSE IS A FIRE-PROOF BUILDING, NEW. It is built, and well ventilated. The rooms are furnished with Spring Beds, and well arranged for families Board and Lodging per Week from \$5 to \$7. Single Board and Lodging..... \$1.00 per Day.
Meals Twenty-Five Cents.
Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of Charge.
Jettif
H. DOHERTY, } Proprietors.
F. HANLEY, }

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,
402, 404 & 406 Broadway,
Corner Montgomery..... SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS HOUSE IS NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED throughout for the accommodation of the traveling public in general. The rooms are furnished with spring beds, and well arranged for families and single persons. The table is always supplied with the best the market affords. Second to none in the city.
Board and Lodging, per Week, \$5.00 to \$6.00; per Day, \$1.00. Free Coach to the House.
DANIEL HARTNETT, late of Broadway Hotel, JAMES BARRY, late of St. Nicholas Hotel, PROPRIETORS.

T. F. BAINES'
"Celtic Club House,"
1023 MARKET STREET,
Between Fifth and Sixth,..... SAN FRANCISCO.

Always on hand an excellent Stock of Superior
Brandies, Wines, Liquors,
AND HAVANA CIGARS.

"Fredericksburg,"
ENTRACHT SALOON,
545 California Street,
Between Market and Mission Streets.

SCHRAMM & SCHNABEL, Proprietors.

MICHAEL RYAN,
DEALER IN
WINE, LIQUORS, ETC.,
ARMORY HALL,
No. 134 Fourth St.,
Bet. Minns and Howard,
SAN FRANCISCO.

AMUSEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
MR. JOHN MCCULLOUGH, Proprietor and Manager.
MR. BARTON HILL, Acting Manager.

Mlle. MARIE AIMEE
—AND THE—
French Opera Bouffe Company.

O. A. Grizola, Director.
Charles Levi, Agent, A. Dur, Treasurer.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2 o'clock, last time of
GENEVIEVE DE BARABANT.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 20th, first time this season of
LA BELLE HELENE.

AIMEE, LA BELLE HELENE.

SUNDAY EVENING, June 21st, positively last time of
LA VIE PARISIENNE.

AIMEE, GABRIELLE

JUTEAU, FOUR CHARACTERS

Musical Conductor, C. Van Ghete

Opera Books, the only correct edition, for sale at the Theatre.

PALACE AMPHITHEATRE,
Cor. New Montgomery and Mission sts.,

EVERY EVENING,
Also, Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons.

FIRST WEEK OF THE
Great Dockrill-Kenebel

PARISIAN
CIRCUS TROUPE!

—INCLUDING—
Mlle. Dockrill, the Equestrian Queen,
MONS. KENEDEL,

The only Grottesque who can make you laugh without saying a word.

MONS. DOCKRILL
Will introduce his Wonderful Horse,
ELLINGTON,

Supported by a Host of Stars and the
Finest Band of Horses in the World.

Doors open at 7; performances commence at 8 o'clock. Matinee performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays, commence at 2 o'clock. Seals can be secured three days in advance.

P. J. McMahon,
... HOME AGAIN AT THE...

RUSS HOUSE SALOON
MONTGOMERY STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. W. B. TWIARA X.

THIS WATER BLOCK—A new preparation is offered to the public for the restoration of the hair by Dr. L. Terry, 324 Third street, and from the great number of testimonials published by prominent citizens of Elko, Nevada, of its efficacy in giving strength to the hair and the speedy return of it to those who have been bald, oblige us to look upon it with more favor than the thousand other preparations already in market. The *W. W. B.* is dependent upon a decoction of white sage will accomplish more in restoring bald heads, preventing falling hair, and giving vitality to the scalp, than a whole store of the usual remedies advertised for this purpose. Hundreds now in Nevada can testify to this fact, and a trial will convince any doubting Joseph that what we say of it in this respect will be borne out by results, if he will give it a fair trial. If such is the case, the Doctor will reap a rich harvest, for no other city can boast of as many bald-headed people as San Francisco. The medicine can be obtained from every druggist. None genuine without the signature of L. Terry, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. Asaiah S. Cammell, General Agents. Sole Distiller, Dr. L. Terry, Elko, Nevada.

HIS FIRST-BEST FRIEND.

[The following touching verses from the Dublin Freeman—wonderfully pathetic in their simple fidelity to one of the noblest relations and emotions in human nature—represent an Irish mother's message to her emigrant son in America, by another emigrant just about to sail, and will find appreciative echo in all kind hearts.]

THE WIDOW TO HER SON.

Remember, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of the trouble since he went away
You'll mind, ev'ry, and never say a word.
Of care and troubles, sure, we're all our share.
The sweetest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing; but that you need not mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind.
And when the fever spread the country o'er
His mercy kept the "sickness" from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
And cut the corn and stored it in the barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and Shamus Carr,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
And say, agra!—Oh, say I miss him still.

They came with ready hands our toll to share;
'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand I have heard!—one severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

And tell she was with us—he'll know who;
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
I ever saw, except in summer skies;
And such black hair!—it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog! 'twas well he didn't die,
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But may be 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my falling sight.
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirte you bring, and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing; morning, noon, and night,
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And finally stand as his brave father stood—
True to his name, his country and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.

Freedom of the Press in Ireland.

[From the New York Herald.]

The belief that freedom of the press is guaranteed by the British constitution is one of a number of popular errors. It is quite true that in England proper the newspaper is allowed great freedom of discussion, but the liberty it enjoys is very much circumscribed by a stringent law of libel. This, perhaps, is the real cause of the apparent moderation exhibited by English newspapers in dealing with abuses. Although Ireland is generally assumed to be in the enjoyment of all the rights guaranteed by the much-talked-about British constitution, it appears that that most important right, the liberty to give full and free expression to national or individual opinion, seems to be hampered in some way unknown to the operation of the law in England and Scotland. Now, the free discussion of whatever affects the "well-being" of the people is one of the most sacred rights of freemen. It is, in fact, the quality which distinguishes the citizen from the serf. Where it does not exist there can be no healthy public life, no real security for the liberty of the individual or the rights of the nation. That we hold to be a fundamental principle underlying all free government, and when it is disregarded or destroyed freedom ceases to be a reality and constitutional government becomes a hollow pretence. By the exchanges we learn that an Irish paper, known under the title of *The Flag of Ireland*, has received "warning," under the Peace Preservation Act, on account of some articles which the Government regards as seditious. It is difficult to realize that this "warning" comes from an official of the "freest Government in the world." It sounds very un-English; at least, it contrasts very strangely with the loud boasting about the liberty of the British press to which we are accustomed. It is more suggestive of the Lower Empire than of the England of Queen Victoria; but much as it shocks our preconceived notions about the liberty of the British press, it is a stern reality. Liberty of the press exists under the British constitution so long as the press gives expression to no opinion hostile to British interests; but the moment that much vaunted liberty becomes inconvenient it is trampled under foot by the governing power. In theory it exists to be talked about and boasted about to the outside world, but in fact it is a hollow pretence and a sham. Like many other blessings of constitutional monarchies, it is a mere brummagem—pleasing to the eye, but valueless for practical use.

Curious Thunderstorm.

An extraordinary thunderstorm recently visited Craven Arms, a village about three miles from Ludlow, on the Shrewsbury and Hereford line. Without any previous atmospheric disturbance or the slightest indication of a coming storm a thunderbolt fell upon the house of a railway servant named Gaster, very near to the railway station. It threw down a large stack of chimneys, lifted off the greater part of the roof burst the front door open, and went through the house, ripping up the staircase, and knocking a window out. Passing through the roof it ran down an iron piping, fusing the solder as it passed, and burying itself in the ground at the bottom. Three gentlemen were dining in an adjoining refreshment room. They ran out terrified, thinking the place was coming down. It was immediately filled with a dense suffocating sulphurous vapor. A cattle dealer was driving two cows up the road a short distance away and they were all three driven violently across the road into the opposite hedge, but without any material injury. Fortunately the man Gaster, who is a railway guard and usually takes his rest in the day time, he had been on duty on that day, and his life would almost certainly have been sacrificed as a large portion of the chimney fell upon his head.

This sum of \$204 85 has been collected in this city, to be donated to the English Agricultural Union laborers who are locked out.

Repeal V. Federalism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LEINSTER INDEPENDENT."

SIR—Your able article in the last number of the *Leinster Independent*, and the interesting letters recently published in the *Irishman* and elsewhere, on the two forms of constitutional agitation at present before the Irish public, suggest to me the notion that a brief, but clear, summary of the main arguments which have been used on either side may not be unacceptable to your readers. The advocates of Home Rule, when expounding the advantages which, in their minds, Federalism possesses over Repeal, rely chiefly on the three following arguments:—First, that, as (according to them) O'Connell abandoned his long-cherished scheme of Repeal, in favor of the more cherished plan of Federalism, Repeal must, at the present time, be utterly unattainable; second, that Repeal being a half-way house to separation, no English legislature would grant such a concession to a purely constitutional agitation; third, that the English justice and English liberality will not refuse to the suffering Irish such a moderate demand as that formulated by the Dublin Conference. These arguments taken seriatim are, unfortunately, of the weakest. First of all O'Connell's recantation for Repeal, in favor of Federalism (if ever sincere), was of momentary duration, and we cannot feel surprised that Mr. O'Neill Deunt, one of O'Connell's most trusted friends, should have allowed to pass unchallenged the assertion unblushingly made at the Home Rule Conference that O'Connell became a sincere and permanent convert to Federalism. That such was not the fact a speech of his delivered at the Repeal Association a few months after his supposed adoption of the Federal plan, clearly and explicitly proves. On the occasion referred to O'Connell solemnly declared, as he snapped his fingers, "Federalism is not worth that!"

The second argument put forward by Mr. Butt and his colleagues, and the third, which forms part and parcel of it, would be of somewhat more value if there were on record one single instance of an important concession made to the just demands of the Irish nation, through feelings of justice and humanity. Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Tithes Act, the disestablishment of the Church, all these and many other measures, were wrung from the fears of the English Parliament, according to the avowal of the English ministers themselves. The memoirs of the Duke of Wellington, in the portion referring to Catholic Emancipation, and Mr. Gladstone's statement of the case which impelled him to disestablish the Irish Church, are striking examples that fear, and not humanity or justice, rules the councils and directs the actions of English legislators in their conduct towards Ireland. The members of the Home Rule League would, I think, find it difficult to mention one single reform arrived at through purely disinterested motives.

In addition to the three main arguments referred to, the Home Rulers vaunt all the advantages to be derived from the Imperial connection—the number of appointments in England, Scotland, and elsewhere, which it leaves open to Irishmen. But they forget to state that nearly every important official position in this country is held by Englishmen and Scotchmen, whose sole qualification to the offices which they hold is the fact that they have been judged unfit to occupy similar positions in their own country. A recent article in the *Premier's Journal* gives a list (by no means complete) of the well-paid appointments in Ireland filled by Scotch and English incapables. In addition to the weakness of their reasoning, the Home Rulers labor under the disadvantage of not possessing among their leaders one single consistent advocate of Irish national ideas. Mr. Butt, as everyone knows, commenced his political career as the opponent of O'Connell, witnessed with unchanged views the terrible exodus of the famine years, and all the miseries which, during that heartrending period, the British Government inflicted on a sorely-ried population. Mr. A. M. Sullivan first distinguished himself by his violent denunciations of the Fenian movement. Professor Galbraith was a staunch Orangeman until the disestablishment of the Protestant Church. These gentlemen, not satisfied with their own back-sliding—oblivious, or willing to appear to be so, of the time when they themselves signed, if at all, in the ranks hostile to Irish Nationality, seem anxious to justify their own part by denouncing as traitors to their country men who stood boldly forward in defence of an oppressed Nationality long years before Home Rule was heard of, and at a period when on the prison cell, and not a seat in Westminster, was too often the goal attained by the advocates of Irish National rights.

Repeal has in its favor all the memories attaching to the two brightest periods of recent political life in Ireland. It conjures up before our minds the brilliant period in our history from 1792 to 1800, when the eloquence of Grattan swayed the Irish assembly, delivering in College Green—and that, not less glorious, when the genius of O'Connell routed his scarcely outnumbered countrymen to the assertion of their inalienable rights. If it appeals to the imagination from the strength of its associations with the past, it does so with equal force to the reasoning faculties, and to the legitimate pride of Irishmen. Repudiating the fictitious advantage of a British connection, it asks for no share in Imperial representation, nor does its advocates desire to leave at the discretion of an English Assembly the right of levying taxes in Ireland for the conducting of a foreign war, to which the sentiment of the Irish people may be completely opposed. The champions of Repeal are not men, some of them have risked their liberty and their lives in the defence of the rights of their country; others have grown grey in the labor of unselfish expectation of seeing accomplished the dream of their youth, the aspiration of their manhood, the hope of compensation of their old age; all have devoted themselves heart and soul to the cause of native land; and in the hour of Ireland's deepest distress and despondency have never despaired for a single moment of their country. Between these two forms of constitutional agitation your readers, I trust, will see no difficulty in arriving at a solution. Faithfully yours,

ALFRED O'NEIL.
Coolbaggan, May 14, 1874.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH IN A PUMP WELL.—A pump-sinker, named Mack, whilst working in a pump near Bruce, recently met his death in a frightful manner. At a considerable depth the metal vein of stone, and had to employ powder. After setting fire to the train he was being drawn up when the rope of the windlass broke, pitching him down again; and before another rope could be made ready the explosion took place, and the unfortunate man was blown to atoms. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss.

DEAD BODY FOUND.—Between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 18th the keeper of the lock on the Grand Canal, at the Mount-street side of Messrs. Guinness's stores, Dublin, discovered the body of a man floating in the water. On being taken out it was recognized as that of Thomas J. Kelly, a laborer from Townsend-street, who had not been heard of since he left home for Mass at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 10th inst. The body, which was much decomposed, has been removed to the Morgue, and is now lying in state.

A SEA WAVE.—A bottle has been picked up on the shore at Naas, containing a slip with the following message from the sea:—"Mid-as, of Cape Wrath—Schooner Ocean Bride, of Liverpool, in storm for four days. Mast gone; ship rapidly filling; complete wreck. Captain Hendry's two legs broken by falling of the mast. Hopeless." The slip bears no date, and is signed "Wm. Massey, Durness."

"The Conquering Hero."

From the Dublin Irishman.

THERE are some singular points in connection with the reception of the Emperor of Russia in the Capital of England. They are, on the contrary, hostile countries which have tried in battle already, and which may again have occasion to struggle in the deadly clasp of war. Russia, says a candid critical London paper, Russia and America are two countries concerning which England has apprehensions, for they can do her harm—and are not, perhaps unwilling to act in a seasonable time. If the London paper had been a little more candid, it might have added Germany to the list of those from England may fear an ill turn.

As it stands, England made war against Russia, in the old Crimean days—and then all things Russian were cried down as something monstrously savage and naughty. Since then Russia has been mining her way more and more closely to the Indian Empire, and thereby causing the English occupants paroxysms of panic, which come and go, like the jungle fever. And when Germany and France went to war, it seemed that the former power had a secret understanding with Russia, whereby Russia engaged herself to keep off Austria and England. Her reward is known. She tore up the treaty which the Crimean war had forced from her, and she threw the fragments in the face of England.

WHEREUPON, England remarked with exceeding great politeness: "Sir, you are a great Emperor—pray let us have your daughter in marriage for our prince."

The Czar consented, and ordered his army to march against the Khan of Khokan, and subjugate that next neighbor of the Indian Empire. England grew somewhat agitated, and modestly expressed a hope that his Imperial Majesty would succeed in chastising that improper prince, but would not think of taking possession of his bleak and barren territories. She offered to send correspondents to describe the glories of the march into Asia, and the chastisement of the Oriental tatar.

Russia thanked her for her good wishes, smiled adulatory smile at the notion of annexation, and calmly left the English correspondents on the verge of Asia to describe the Ancient Savage who sojourns on the limits of Two Civilizations. They went on, chastised the Khan, and appropriated his possessions, and sat down at the Gate of India.

WHEREUPON England, overcome by this sweet deference to her desires, spoke again, saying: "Sir, you are a most courteous conqueror—pray, come to England, that we might welcome you with great enthusiasm and musical serenades."

The Czar came, for he is evidently a man willing to give pleasure to those who are easily amused.

So in London they have piped to him, and sung to him, and danced to him, and he has benevolently overlooked it all. They first ran up a hand-bank—which some people think was a blunder, but which was probably done to show how dangerous it would be to think of invading England. The wooden walls of Old England are replaced by the mummy banks. Then the Lord Mayor feasted him, and signified himself by graciously ejecting the Diplomatic Body—in order perhaps, to make him sure that the Lord Mayor of London think all other nations as nought compared with Russia.

The gorgeous climax was the ovation given him at the Crystal Palace. Benthinking themselves that his power had been defeated at the Crimea, and that he tore up the treaty and entered Khokan in spite of England, they thought it would most please him to sit in 1864, the year of the "Rotten Cornings." And they chanted it amid loud applause, apparently unconscious of the irony of the situation.

As nothing could surpass this, in political sphere, they sought next to excel in the religious department. It occurred to them that, as England professes to abominate the use of images in churches—assh as he recently pronounced them to be illegal and ordered their removal at Exeter—that, as he is shocked at saint invocation and so forth—nothing could be more suitable than to declare the Czar to be the sure Defender of the Faith. For the said Czar is the head of the Greek Church, which far more than any other exerts in the veneration it pays to images, relics, and saints. They sing:—

God save the noble Czar,
Long may he live, in power,
In happiness, in peace, to reign,
Dread of his enemies (i. e., England);
Faith's sure defender,
God save the Czar!

His Imperial Majesty must have got the idea that the English people are the meekest and politest people on the face of the earth—if they know what they say—and if they don't, that they are probably sincere.

The *Times* remarks him that—"The Emperor listened attentively, often using his glass."

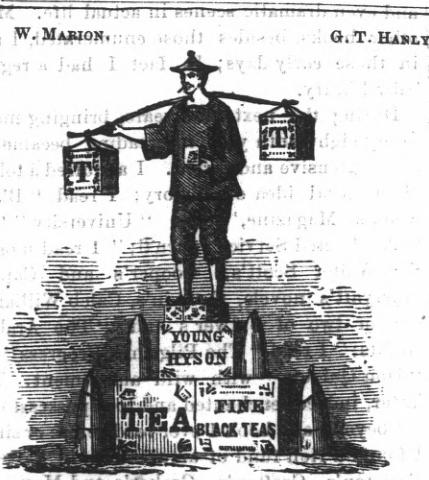
This only was wanting. Lord Nelson's plan is surpassed by the Czar's double-barred ear trumpet.

Trinity College Professors.

The Senior and Junior Fellows, with the Senate at large, will have before them on Monday next an immense amount of business to transact. Twenty-four gentlemen, Members of the Senate, including two ex-Fellows, and five actual Fellows, have proposed amendments to the scheme proposed by the Board. Two of the amendments contain in themselves a complete constitution. One proposed, too, by a Fellow, who is also a Professor, would refuse to the Senate any voice whatever in the elections of the Academic Council. Mr. Butt proposes that the further consideration of the scheme be deferred for three months, and that a committee of the Senate be appointed to inquire how it may be possible to preserve the ancient constitution of Trinity College, and at the same time provide for the instruction of our Roman Catholic countrymen by the institution of another college within the University. Another amendment proposes that the Catholic University should be endowed out of the surplus funds of the Disestablished Church. In general the amendments proposed are sane, moderate, and reasonable, and therein,—Irish Times.

SALE OF RACE HORSES.—On the 16th ult Mr. Sewell sold at his private sale at his well-known repository, Lower Mount Street Dublin. There was a large attendance. Mr. Burke acted as auctioneer. Several of Mr. Low's were sold at good figures. Peter Simple, by the Ranger, was purchased by Mr. Brady, of Armagh, for ninety guineas, and Captain Low's mare, by Netherby, by Mr. Kincaid, for one hundred and eighty guineas. Mr. Kincaid, of Glasgow, gave two hundred and fifteen guineas for Flirt, by Kinnaird.

MISCELLANEOUS.



Cash Tea Store

GEO. T. HANLY & CO.,
DEALERS IN

TEAS, COFFEE and SPICES,
928 Market street,
Between Stockton and Powell.....SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRY IT!

B. F. BARTON & CO'S
PEERLESS
Yeast Powder

The following unsolicited testimonial, from an entire stranger to us, is worth more than hundreds of solicited or purchased puff:

EUREKA, JANUARY 27, 1873.

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Carlist Sieges of Bilbao.

(From the Westminster Gazette, May 23d.)

Another siege of Bilbao by a Carlist army may now be considered as concluded. Besides sundry blockades this last is the third regular investment sustained by the most important town of the Basque Provinces since the 3d of October, 1833. On that day the news arrived that Ferdinand VII. had died at Madrid on the 29th of the previous month; not a moment was lost, the Corporation of Bilbao was held in the Town Hall, Don Carlos N., then an outlaw in Portugal, and grandfather of the present Don Carlos VII., was proclaimed King of Spain, and a manifesto was issued to the Basques announcing that their new Sovereign was installed.

This may fairly be considered the first act of eventful drama fraught with much gravity, not only to Spain but to the rest of Europe, which has lasted more or less for upwards of forty years, and of which we are now only certain that the end has not yet been attained. The Spanish question in its political aspect has been ably discussed in your columns recently by "An English Carlist," but, as considerable misconception exists in this country with regard to the former sieges of Bilbao, I venture to ask your permission to throw the light of my own experience upon that portion of the subject.

Subsequently to the proclamation of Don Carlos V. referred to, the town of Bilbao was held for the King by the Marquis of Valdespina, a Basque nobleman of great local influence (father of the marquis of that name now serving Charles VII.), whose princely mansion at Ermua, in Biscay, with all the important works of art, books, and manuscripts it contained, were soon after given to the flames by the "liberal" General Rodil, in order to punish the owner's loyalty; but on the 25th November, 1833, the Queen's General Sarriena, at the head of 4,500 men, arrived, and the Royalists quitted Bilbao, never again, as yet, to re-enter its gates as conquerors. Nevertheless, during the whole period of the celebrated "Seven Years' War," the town was blockaded by the Carlists to such an extent that no garrison could be maintained in the surrounding district beyond the range of a cannon-ball from the walls, unless they sallied in force, which they seldom did, and hardly ever without serious loss.

At length, emboldened by Royalist successes in other parts of the Basque Provinces, the King's advisers determined to try regular siege to Bilbao, and on the 10th of June, 1835, operations were commenced by the great Carlist General Tomas Zumalacarrégu, who is thought on all sides to be the only man of Real merit and capacity which Spain has produced during the long years of trial and trouble she has gone through.

The town was defended on this occasion by a garrison of 5,000 men commanded by Count de Mirasol, and the late Lord John Key, with a British naval contingent, assisted, nominally, to protect British commercial interests, but really to advance the spread of liberal ideas in the shape of constitutional government in the Peninsula, the middle and middle policy of the Quadruple Alliance known as "non intervention" being then the order of the day. In fact, Lord Palmerston and King Louis Philippe decided that liberal institutions were to be regarded as the only salvation for Spain. The answer is written in blood. What would those two eminent statesmen say were they alive to see the actual results of their own handiwork?

On the 15th of June, 1835 while surveying the fortifications with his telescope from the balcony of the palace of Begona, General Zumalacarrégu received his death-wound in the right leg, observing with a melancholy smile, as they were placing him in a litter to carry him to the village of Cegama in Guipuzcoa, where he died, "Ah! the pitcher goes to the well till it gets broken at last."

The command-in-chief of the besieging force was transferred to General Benito de Eraso, but disunion prevailed in the council board, the operations languished, and finally, the siege was abandoned on the first of July; Eraso retired to France, and died there soon afterwards.

In the autumn of the following year it was determined to invest the town again, and on the 23d of October, 1836, commenced what has always been known in Carlist history the great siege of Bilbao, which lasted until the following Christmas Eve.

The Conde de Cesa Eguia was commander-in-chief at the siege, and Don Bruno de Villareal, an Alavese by birth, and a general of much experience during the war, commanding the troops intending to prevent any relief reaching the town. The fighting was almost continuous, and those who are old enough to remember this siege will recollect the frequent mention of many of the places referred to so often during recent operations among them—Somorrostro, Castro, Portugalete, Baracaldo, and above all, Castrejana.

Amongst the few English gentlemen who took part in the affair, the present Viscount Ranelagh must not be forgotten. His lordship gallantly led the storming party on the 10th of November, at the capture of the fortified convent of San Mames, situated on the high road from Bilbao to Portugalete; this important post was garrisoned by 300 men who were all killed, wounded or taken, and eight pieces of artillery were captured. The Cross of San Fernando, of the second class, was conferred on Lord Ranelagh for this distinguished service.

On the 27th of November, 1836, the Queen's General, Espatero, at the head of 12,000 picked men, attempted to force the Carlist lines at the Bridge of Castrejana and make his way into Bilbao, but was stoutly opposed by 3,000 Carlist troops, commanded by Villareal, and led by Brigadier Don Castor Anduecha, who fell gloriously in action near the same spot on the first day of the present month. Castor, as he was always familiarly called by his men, behaved nobly on both occasions, and let us sincerely hope that the veteran now rests in peace and reaps the reward of his fidelity, which stands out almost unexampled in history.

We have recently been informed that on the 2d inst. the Volunteers of Liberty, when they sallied from Bilbao and found no enemy to oppose them, burnt numerous farm-houses in the vicinity, on the miserable plea that they had sheltered the Carlists and might do so again! What do we find in the official report of the operations on the 27th November, 1836? Why, that "Espatero has left behind him a stain on his character greater than his disastrous defeat. The village of Baracaldo and all the houses in that neighborhood were set on fire by the enemy; amidst the rising smoke we saw the ours retreating towards Portugalete and Somorrostro, pursued by the cries and groans of wretched people thus driven to despair, helpless victims of atrocious barbarity."

While the battle of Castrejana, at which I was present in the reserve, was in progress, three companies of my battalion, the "Guides of Alava," on duty at the siege, assisted by a few other men, assaulted and carried the strongly fortified Convent of San Agustín, a monastic edifice of marvellous beauty, together with two

entrenched houses in the adjoining Calle de Zendeja; and, had sufficient force been at hand, Bilbao would have been won for Don Carlos V., but the urbanos (or local volunteers) inside the town, seeing the danger, attacked hastily in return, and succeeded in recovering possession of the two houses; then, forcing their way into the beautiful Church of San Agustín and in heaps of straw mattresses, they set fire to the latter with hand-grenades, and reduced the entire building to ashes. It burnt for three days and nights, and the lurid glare it cast around after dark could be distinctly seen for many miles.

At length came the fearful snowstorm of Christmas Eve, 1836, during which the weakest point in the Carlist works near the Bridge of Luchana was forced by Espatero's soldiers; the advance towards the town along the right bank of the river Nervion; the red glare of houses given to the flames; the hissing of musket-balls; the dull, heavy boom of artillery; the sinking down of faint or wounded men, to be buried under the snow for weeks ere being found again and decently consigned to mother earth; the loss of fifteen out of twenty-three pieces of Carlist ordnance; the retreat of the besiegers and the relief of Bilbao for the second time.

Thirty-eight years elapse, and yet another siege of even longer duration than the one just spoken of takes place. This time, however, it passed under our very eyes, as it were, with all its ghastly accompaniments of bombardment, famine, slaughter, and fire. Nor can we as yet judge of the result. We know, however, that the army of Charles VII. has retired in good order to fresh positions, carrying off their wounded safely, and without the loss of a gun or a prisoner.

It has been the fashion to say that the great siege of Bilbao in 1836 was the ruin of the Carlist cause at that period. But what are the facts of the case? Doubtless had the town been captured then the moral effect would have been great both in Spain and out of it, but the unfortunate result did not prevent the advance of an army upon Madrid, commanded by Don Carlos V. in person, which set out from Estella on the 15th May, 1837, on what is called, in the Seven Years' War, the Royal Expedition. This army, it is true, returned to the Basque Provinces on the 26th of October following, in a shattered condition, but they over-ran the Aragoas, Catalonia, Valencia, La Mancha, and the two Castiles. We got some hard knocks, certainly, but we reached the gates of the capital of Spain, and gained several important victories, amongst which were the battles fought at Huesca on the 24th May, Barastro, 2d June, and Villar de Navarros, on the 24th August, 1837. In the latter a column commanded by the Queen's general Buena, nearly 5,000 strong, was taken or destroyed, and the Carlists obtained possession of four pieces of mountain artillery with 4,800 muskets—these last were all marked "G. R. Tower of London," and had just been supplied to the Queen of Spain by her British allies in accordance with the stipulations of the Quadruple Alliance.

General Cabrera, whose innocent and aged mother was so cruelly shot at Tortosa by orders from the Queen's generals, Mina and Nogueras, on the 16th February, 1836, rose to great power in 1837, and retained it until July, 1840, when compelled to retire into France, nearly a year after his royal master, Don Carlos V., had been obliged to cross the Pyrenees by the foul treason of Marot, which brought about the celebrated Vergara convention.

Thus it would appear, judging from past experience, that the recent reverse suffered by Charles VII. and his faithful followers, may not prove so disastrous to the Royal cause as has been so immediately assumed by the King's enemies in his own country as well as elsewhere.

Persecution in Central South America.

We have before now given an account of the proceedings by which Don Guzman Blanco, the President of the Republic of Venezuela, has put an embargo on the whole ecclesiastical administration of that territory. The Archbishop of Caracas is in exile at Port of Spain, and every attempt to name a Vicar-General or Administrator has failed, in consequence of the insistence of the President that in ecclesiastical documents "by the authority of the President" should be substituted for "by the authority of the Holy See."

It seems that after an attempt to establish a Protestant Church organization at Caracas and another town in the country—with a view to which the President opened negotiations with a Protestant Bishop in Trinidad, and which signally failed in consequence of the sensation caused by the arrival of that Bishop in company with his wife—President Blanco entered into a correspondence with the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Santanhez, at Puerto Rico. But as soon as this prelate announced his intention of coming to Venezuela, the President replied that he could not be received—first, because his quality of apostolic delegate could not be recognized, the law allowing ecclesiastical functions only to prelates named by the Assembly; secondly, because his object was to restore Mgr. Guebara, whose authority had been abolished by law; and thirdly, because the matter was now before the Holy See itself, as he, the President, had requested it to name a new Archbishop. In the meanwhile, any episcopal protest against the new laws is punished by exile, and a pretended deprivation, and the Bishop of Merida, a prelate eighty-three years old, having protested in a pastoral against the new law of civil marriage, was last year condemned to exile, and died on his journey of the hardship endured in crossing the mountains into New Granada. In Guatemala, the President, Barrios, has forbidden the clergy to wear any clerical dress except during the performance of ecclesiastical functions, and has closed all the convents except one, the *clausura* of which is disregarded and violated; while in Peru the public prosecutor, backing up the representation of one of the provincial prelates, is urging the Government to put in force an old Spanish decree, and banish some Jesuit Fathers, who have taken refuge with the Bishop of Huancayo after their expulsion from Germany.—"Tablet."

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1874.

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Ancient Irish Art

BY LADY WILDE

(concluded from our last)

It is no idle boast to say that the Irish were the teachers of Europe from the seventh to the ninth century in art and religion. Mr. Westwood has visited all the great libraries of England and the Continent, and found abundant evidence that Irish art, or Hiberno-Saxon art, was diffused over Europe during that period. The Greek and Latin manuscripts are not illuminated, but are adorned with intercalated pictures; Irish art differs from them in many respects—amongst others, in having the figures and rich ornamentations printed on the leaves and borders of the book itself. He has given fac-similes from Irish manuscripts now existing in the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Lichfield, Salisbury, Lambeth, the British Museum, and other places; and passing to the continent, has laid under contribution the great libraries of Paris, Rome, Bologna, the Vatican, Milan, Rome, Munich, Darmstadt, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and even St. Petersburg, and thus proved the excellence to which Irish artists, or Saxon artists educated in Irish schools, attained more than a thousand years ago. Nor is it strange that Ireland should have been the teacher, considering its early Christianity, which had made some progress amongst the people even in St. Jerome's time; a little later amongst the Britons; but at the end of the 6th century Augustine and his monks found the stolid Anglo-Saxons still in the bonds of their ancient paganism and Wodenism. The Gothic race received the Christian faith gladly, as early as the 4th century; so did the Celtic, but it was a difficult matter to bring light to the Saxon soul. It has at all times proved itself rather opaque in nature. The Saxon tribes of Germany did not renounce their idols till forced to it by the strong coercive power and keen sword of Charlemagne, in the latter part of the 8th century.

With Christianity came to Ireland the knowledge of letters; at least no older inscription has been found than that on the pillar stone of Lillanod, St. Patrick's nephew, which may be still seen beside the ruin of St. Patrick's oratory in one of the beautiful islands of Lough Corrib; and the oldest manuscript existing in Ireland is the Book of Armagh, a copy of St. Jerome's Latin version of the Gospels written in the old Roman letters, and very valuable for the beauty of the writing and the various drawings it contains. Learning was at once consecrated to the service of God in those early days, and to multiply copies of the Gospels was the praiseworthy and devout task of the first great teachers and missionaries. The Book of Durrow and the Book of Kells, both of the early part of the sixth century, are believed to be the work of St. Columba himself. The latter, the Book of Kells, has filled all critics with wonder and admiration. It is more decorated than any existing copy of the Gospels, and is pronounced by learned authorities to be "the most beautiful manuscript in existence of so early a date, and the most magnificent specimen of penmanship and illumination in the Western World." They are both written in the Latin uncial character, common to Europe at the time; and here it may be noticed, in passing, that the so-called Irish alphabet is simply the Latin alphabet modified by the first missionaries to suit the Irish sounds, as Ullphila, the apostle of the Goths, invented an alphabet of mingled Greek and Latin characters, in order to enable him to make his translation of the Gospels into Gothic; and, as the Greek missionaries invented the Russian alphabet, which is a modified form of the Greek, for a like purpose. That the Irish should retain the old form of the Latin letters, while most of the other nations of Europe have discarded it, is to be regretted, as nothing would facilitate the study of Irish so much at the present day, when one has so little leisure to spell out with much painful endeavour the barbarous symbols of a by-gone age, as the adoption of a modern English alphabet. The first Irish book that was ever printed appeared in 1571, and is now in the Bodleian Library. It is a catechism of Irish grammar, and the Irish alphabet has suffered no modification or improvement since. It was about the end of the sixth century that the fame of Irish learning and the skill of Irish artists began to extend to England, and from thence to the Continent; and Irish scribes were employed to make copies of the Gospels and teach the splendid art of illumination in the English monasteries. From that period till the end of the ninth century the Irish were a power in Europe from their learning and piety—eminent in Greek as well as Latin, and the great teachers of scholastic theology to the Christian world. The Gospels of Lindisfarne, executed by Monks of Iona in the seventh century, and now "the glory of the British Museum," of Celtic art, as this book seems to have been the principal model for succeeding artists.

In the splendid Folio copy of the Gospels at Copenhagen of the tenth century, supposed to have been brought to Denmark by King Canute, the figure of St. Matthew seated, while another saint draws back a curtain, is copied from the Gospels of Lindisfarne, while the border is in the tenth century style. The Gospels of St. Chad, now in the Bodleian Library, are in the Irish style of the eighth century, and are very noticeable as having marginal notes in Latin and Anglo-Saxon, and ancient British, the latter being the oldest specimen of the ancient British language now in existence. The illuminations also are copied from the Lindisfarne book. St. Chad, it is known, was educated in Ireland, in the School of St. Finian. There are Irish Gospels at Durham of the eighth century. The Gospels of Mac-Begall are at Oxford, and the Gospels of Mac-Begall are the smallest and most beautiful known, are in the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth. As Saxon art progressed and became

influenced by Roman models the Irish scribes were chiefly employed wherever elegance, harmony of color, and extreme delicacy of touch were particularly requisite, as in the borders and initial letters. Thus, the Psalter of St. Augustin, said to be from Rome, and which resembles in style the manuscript Virgil of the fifth century, in the Vatican, is framed in pure Celtic art. On the Continent, also, the borders of the great manuscripts were generally confined to Irish hands. A Latin copy of the Gospels at Treves, evidently produced by one of the establishments founded by the Irish upon the Rhine, is remarkable for a combination of Celtic, Teutonic and Franco-Byzantine art. The borders are Irish while the figures are Byzantine. These illuminated borders have the glitter and radiance of a setting of jewels, and are thus admirably suited to fulfil the true object of all ornamentation, which Mr. Ruskin defines as being "beautiful in its place, and perfect in its adaptation to the purpose to which it was employed."

In the sixth century St. Gall, born in Ireland, accompanied St. Columbanus to the Continent, and founded the monastery in Switzerland that bears his name. Here many interesting manuscripts and fragments are still preserved, remarkable for the old Irish marginal notes to the Latin text. These are considered by philologists of such importance that thirteen quarto plates and fac-similes from them are given by Dr. Ferdinand Keller in the Zurich Society's Transactions. An interesting relic of an Irish saint is also preserved in the Cathedral of Wurzburg—a copy of the Gospels of St. Killian, martyred in 689, and which was found stained with his blood on opening his tomb about fifty years later.

Thus the Irish can be traced, as it were, across Europe by their illuminated footprints. They were emphatically the witnesses of God, the light-bearers through the dark ages, and, above all, the faithful guardians and preservers of God's Sacred Word. A hundred years before Alfred came to Ireland to be educated, and went back to civilize his native country by the knowledge he had acquired here, the Christian schools of Germany, under the direction of Irishmen, had been founded by Charlemagne. Through France, along the Rhine, through Switzerland, Italy, and Spain the Irish missionaries taught and worked, founding schools and monasteries, and illuminating by their learning the darkest pages of European history. One of the great treasures of the Imperial Library of Paris is a beautiful Irish copy of the Latin Gospels. The College of St. Isidore, at Rome, possesses many Irish manuscripts—one of them a Psalter, folio size, written throughout in letters a quarter of an inch long, and which is considered to be the finest of the later works of the Irish school. The Celebrated Golden Gospels of Stockholm are of Hiberno-Saxon art of the ninth century. This book has a story. It was stolen from England, and disappeared for ages, but finally was discovered at Mantua in the seventeenth century, and purchased for the Royal Library at Stockholm. St. Petersburg also possesses a highly illuminated copy of the Gospels, which was taken from France at the time of the great Revolution, and found its way to the far north. It is a perfect and beautiful specimen of the Irish style of the eighth century, and the initial letters can only be compared to those of the Book of Kells. All these Irish manuscripts of Gospels are, without exception, copies of St. Jerome's Latin version. No Irish translation of the Gospels has ever been found. Learning was evidently considered a sacred thing, indispensable for the priesthood, but not necessary for the masses; yet it seems strange that while the learned and pious Irish saints and missionaries were devoting their lives to multiplying copies of the Gospels for other nations, and disseminating them over Europe, they never thought of giving the people of their own land the Word of God to read in their own native tongue. The leading Teutonic races, on the contrary, with their free spirit, were not satisfied with accepting the doctrines of the faith, simply as an act of obedience to their teachers. They demanded the right of private judgment, the exercise of individual reason, and the Gospels were translated into Gothic as early as the fourth century by Bishop Ulfila for the use of the Gothic nation.

This remarkable book, called the "Codex Argenteus" is now in the Royal Library of Upsala, having, after many dangers and vicissitudes, at last found its way to the people who hold themselves the true descendants of the Goths, and whose king still bears the proud title of "King of Swedes, Goths, and Vandals;" and an edition of it, with annotations, has been published recently by a learned professor Andreas Uppstrom of Upsala. Toward the close of the tenth century the Frankish style of ornamentations, a blending of the classical and the Byzantine, had almost entirely superseded the beautiful and delicate Celtic art both in England and on the Continent, and about the fifteenth century it disappeared even from our own Ireland, the country of its origin. The gorgeous tapestries and illuminated Gospels, instinct with life, genius, holy reference, and patient love were destined to be replaced soon after by the dull mechanism of print; while Protestantism used all its new-found strength to destroy that innate tendency of nature which seeks to manifest religious fervor, faith, and zeal by costly offerings and sacrifices. The golden bordered holy books, the small crucifixes, the jeweled shrines were crushed under the heel of Cromwell's troops; the majestic and beautiful abbeys were desecrated and cast down to ruin, while beside them rose the mean and ugly structures of the Reformed faith, as if annihilation of all beauty were then considered to be the most acceptable homage which man could offer to the God who created all beauty, and fitted the human soul to enjoy and manifest the spiritual, mystic and eternal loveliness of form, and color, and symmetry.

Since that mournful period when the conquering iconoclasts cast down the temples and crushed the spirit of our people there has been no revival of art in Ireland. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we cling with so much fondness, though and admiration to the beautiful memorials of the past, and welcome with warm appreciation the efforts of able, learned, and distinguished men to illustrate and preserve them; as in this splendid and costly book which Mr. Westwood has contributed to Celtic Art.

* See St. William Wilde's "Lough Corrib and Lough Mask," page 138.

† In the Keltic Journal an admirable periodical recently started at Manchester to perpetuate the study of Irish, the Irish lessons are printed in the modern characters—an innovation welcomed by all students.

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MARKET REPORT.

(For the week ending Thursday, June 18th.)

FLOUR—Supplies from Oregon are liberal, the schr Hera bringing 5,565 qr sks and 400 hf sks; the strmr Ajax brought 5,071 qr sks, and the John L. Stephens 5,410 qr and 412 hf sks. Exports for the week include the steamship China's cargo for Hongkong, say 1,805 bbls, 320 hf sks, and 7,700 qr sks. The market for Superfine is depressed, selling at \$4 25/4 50, according to quality. Extra Superfine, \$4 75/50; Extra, \$5 25/35 50, including Oregon. The Starr Mills, Vallejo, is now doubling its capacity, preparatory to doing an increased export business the coming season. It is now the largest establishment in the State, and has loaded more ships and sold more cargoes of Broadstuffs in 1874 than any other mill on this coast, the demand for it coming from France, England, Central American ports, etc. The Golden Gate is the largest flouring mill in this city, and like the Golden Age does a large export as well as local trade, making a very superior article for family and bakers' use. The National Flouring mill does a large export trade with China and the United Kingdom. The best Extra silk-dressed from the Golden Age and Golden Gate Mills is jobbing at \$5 75 3/4 bbl. We note a sale to Government of 1,000 bbls Extra National Mills, all in sacks, at \$5 25 2/3 bbl—say 2,200 1/2 b sacks, 1,800 50-lb sacks. The Consolidation carries for Kingston, Jamaica, 200 bbls Flour (in wood) and 300 hf sks do, Golden Gate Mills.

DAIRY PRODUCE—There is a moderate supply of fresh Roll Butter, which is in good demand at 25¢/30¢ for good to choice, while a few fancy dairies bring 25¢; extra choice in tins and half bricks, 30¢ each, selling at 25¢; ordinary brick of good quality is held at 25¢/30¢. California Cheese is coming in freely, selling at 11¢/15¢. Eggs—The market is overstocked with Eastern, and consequently prices remain quite low for all kinds; fresh California are quotable at 25¢/27 1/2¢; Eastern, 18¢/20¢. 10,000 dozen Oregon just received held at 18¢.

CHRONICLE V. SUN.

The conduct of an obscure blackmailing sheet has made our city the theatre of a feud which, for persistency and animosity, resembles more a Corsican Vendetta than the ordinary course of retribution in a civilized country. To justify the conduct of the De Youngs in the matter is impossible—to excuse it, according to our experience of human nature, is only too easy. Naphthali, in assaulting the proprietors of the Chronicle, if he conceived them to be his enemies, by every legal means in his power, was only exercising an undoubted right; but in dragging the reputation of their female relations through the mire of journalistic controversy, in throwing, as he did, all the filth which his ingenuity could collect or his malice suggest against the sanctity of a home, he put himself below the level of human sympathy, and exposed himself to instant retribution; which although the form it took was unhappily wild and lawless, cannot but find excuse if not justification, in the provocation which evoked it.

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